

SPAWN



126



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

WAKE UP DREAMING

PART TWO

DEDICATED TO
EVAN KAPLAN

PLOT

TODD McFARLANE
BRIAN HOLGUIN

STORY

BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS

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INKS

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SPAWN 125 SUMMARY

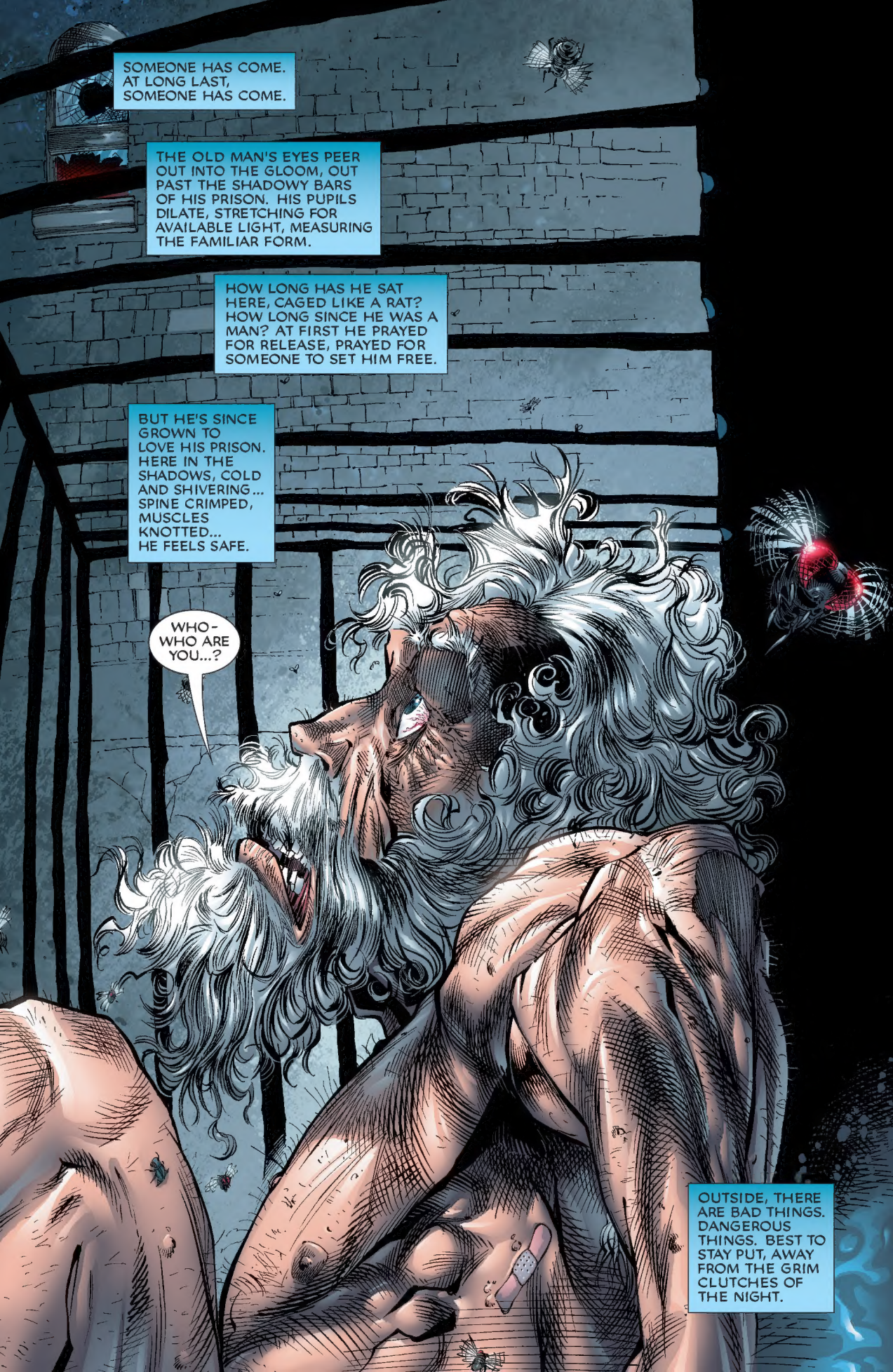
Nyx persuades Al that he should try to right the many sinister deeds he has been responsible for, and starts by going back to the alleys to save Major Forsburg. Triumphant, Jason Wynn and his new "co-worker" return to the CIA offices. Jason goes right to work, and asks for all the files on Al Simmons. At police headquarters, Twitch discovers that the man who had no shadow was also the man who's grave had been robbed, Al Simmons.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS
SPAWN.COM



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SOMEONE HAS COME.
AT LONG LAST,
SOMEONE HAS COME.

THE OLD MAN'S EYES PEER
OUT INTO THE GLOOM, OUT
PAST THE SHADOWY BARS
OF HIS PRISON. HIS PUPILS
DILATE, STRETCHING FOR
AVAILABLE LIGHT, MEASURING
THE FAMILIAR FORM.

HOW LONG HAS HE SAT
HERE, CAGED LIKE A RAT?
HOW LONG SINCE HE WAS A
MAN? AT FIRST HE PRAYED
FOR RELEASE, PRAYED FOR
SOMEONE TO SET HIM FREE.

BUT HE'S SINCE
GROWN TO
LOVE HIS PRISON.
HERE IN THE
SHADOWS, COLD
AND SHIVERING...
SPINE CRIMPED,
MUSCLES
KNOTTED...
HE FEELS SAFE.

WHO-
WHO ARE
YOU...?

OUTSIDE, THERE
ARE BAD THINGS.
DANGEROUS
THINGS. BEST TO
STAY PUT, AWAY
FROM THE GRIM
CLUTCHES OF
THE NIGHT.



AS SOON AS HE SPEAKS THE WORDS, THE CRIMSON DRAPED SOLDIER KNOWS IT IS A LIE. HE IS NOT "SIMMONS." NOT TRULY. AT THIS MOMENT HE IS **SPAWN**.

SIMMONS IS WITH HIM, OF COURSE. HIDDEN AWAY, JUST BELOW THE SURFACE. A GHOST INSIDE THIS FORM.

THEY ARE ONE IN THE SAME, YET THEY ARE SOMETHING MORE. TWO SIDES OF A PENNY. TWO FACES OF THE MOON.

IT'S SIMMONS, SIR. I'VE COME TO SET YOU FREE.

NO. PLEASE... GO AWAY... JUST LET ME BE...

IT'LL
BE ALL
RIGHT SIR.
TRUST
ME.

NO!
PLEASE! I
WANT TO
STAY.

NO ONE
GETS
OUT...

STOP! HE
BELONGS
TO US...

NO ONE
GETS
IN...

IT FEELS GOOD TO
TEST HIS STRENGTH,
TO UNLEASH THE
VIOLENCE THAT SITS
COILED, COBRA-STILL,
INSIDE HIM EVERY
MOMENT.

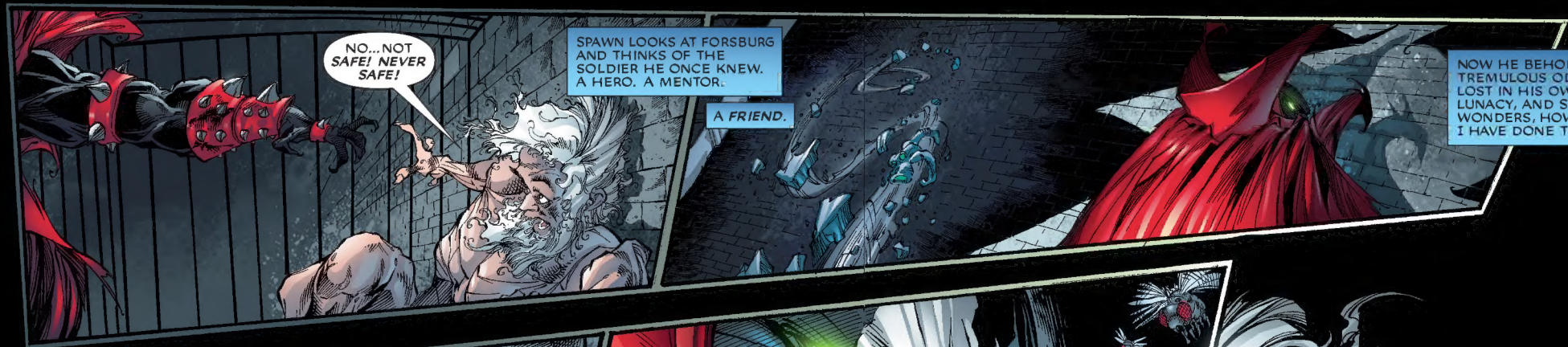
THESE CREATURES
ARE MERE DETRITUS--
SHAMBLING FORMS
OF DEBRIS, RAG
AND BONE, FILTH
AND REFUSE.

GIVEN SHAPE AND PURPOSE
BY A MADMAN'S FEAR AND
THE STRANGE MAGIC OF
THESE ALLEYWAYS.

HE'S NOT AS
STRONG AS HE
ONCE WAS.
SPAWN FEELS IT
REFLEXIVELY
THE INSTANT HE
LASHES OUT.

STILL, HE IS
STRONG ENOUGH.

IT'S
ALL RIGHT,
MAJOR. IT'S SAFE
TO COME OUT
NOW.



NOW HE BEHOLDS A TREMULOUS OLD MAN LOST IN HIS OWN LUNACY, AND SPAWN WONDERS, HOW COULD I HAVE DONE THIS?




HE OWES THIS MAN BETTER THAN THAT. HE MUST MAKE AMENDS.



STOP! DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?!

I'LL ONLY DRAG YOU UNDER!

SPAWN FEELS THE TIDE OF MADNESS PULLING AT HIM. THE NIGHT IS SPLIT BY BLINDING LIGHT AND THE WORLD CRACKS IN TWO.




DISTANT FIRES SPIT BLACK
PLUMES OF SMOKE INTO
THE BLOODSTAINED SKY.

THE FLY-THICK AIR IS
REDOLENT WITH THE
STINK OF ROTTING
MEAT, TRACED WITH
THE SHARP TANG
CORDITE AND SULFUR.

HOLD
ON SIR!
I'VE GOT
YOU!

A MUTE CHOIR STARES
DOWN, GAZING WITH
DEAD, EMPTY SOCKETS.

WHEN A SOLDIER
DREAMS OF HELL,
THIS IS WHAT HE
SEES.




YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK, SIMMONS...YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT ME.

BULLSHIT! A SOLDIER NEVER LEAVES A BROTHER BEHIND. DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?




NO MAN'S LAND.




JUST GIVE ME A SECOND TO GET MY BEARINGS. SCAN THE LANDSCAPE. THERE'S GOT TO BE A DEFENSIBLE POSITION SOMEWHERE. SOMEWHERE SAFE.

ONCE WE FIND THAT...

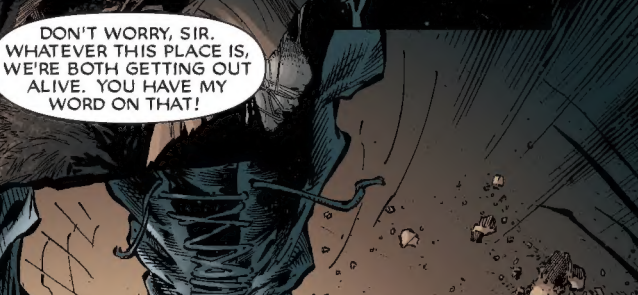
THERE'S NO PLACE SAFE. THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE FROM THEM.



THEY'VE BEEN CHASING ME FOR... FOR SO LONG. I CAN'T SLEEP. I CAN'T EVEN SHUT MY EYES, OR THEY'LL COME FOR ME.



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK.



DON'T WORRY, SIR. WHATEVER THIS PLACE IS, WE'RE BOTH GETTING OUT ALIVE. YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT!



Sklitch!



UNGH!
A TRAP!



NO!

SIR,
ARE YOU
OKAY?



GOD
FORGIVE
ME. IT'S TOO
LATE, AL.



THEY'VE
FOUND
US.

THEY RISE
OUT OF THE
HARD CLAY OF
THE EARTH
LIKE FLESHY
MARIONETTES,
CARRION LIMBS
SPRAYED,
FINGERS
CLUTCHING
AND GRABBING.

JAWBONES HINGE OPEN
AND HEADS ARE TOSSED
BACK, APPROXIMATING
A BIRTH CRY. BUT NO
SOUND COMES.

NO SOUND BUT
THE WIND RUSTLING
THROUGH RIBCAGES
AND THE FAINT,
INSECT-LIKE CLICKING
OF BONE ON BONE.



RUN!

DAMN
IT! IT'S
NOT
STOPPING
THEM.

A
BRIDGE!

I...I CAN'T
RUN ANYMORE.
TOO OLD...TOO
TIRED...

DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT IT.
I'VE GOT
YOU.

JUST
HOPE THIS
SON OF BITCH
HOLDS.

BLAM!

BLAM!
BLAAM!

HANG ON!
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE.

MADE IT.
JUST ONE MORE
SECOND...

SLASH



AAAAH!
IT'S GOT
ME!

HOLD
TIGHT,
SIR,
DON'T
LET
GO!

PLEASE,
AL! DON'T
LET THEM
TAKE ME.
DON'T LET
THEM
TAKE ME
ALIVE!

I DON'T
WANT
TO BE
ONE OF
THEM!

TUCK
YOUR HEAD
DOWN AND
HANG ON!

THUNK

KRAK

KLAK

SNAP!



WHAT THE HELL WERE THOSE THINGS?!

DEATH... ARMIES OF DEATH AND HATRED...



WE'RE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT. WE'LL FIND SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT, THEN PLAN OUR NEXT MOVE.

NO. NOT SAFE. NEVER SAFE.



JESUS CHRIST!

BOYS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES BEFORE THEY COULD EVEN BEGIN TO IMAGINE THEIR WORTH.

THEY ARE THE DISCARDED, WRETCHED BONES BENEATH THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE WORLD, HATEFUL OF A LIFE THEY CAN NO LONGER POSSESS.

THEY TEEM LIKE ANTS, MOVING IN RAGGED FILES, THE LOST SOLDIERS OF COUNTLESS WARS.

DRIVEN TO MADNESS AND DESPAIR IN TRENCHES OF THE SOMME, IN THE JUNGLES OF CAMBODIA, ON THE SANDS OF NORMANDY, AND THE ALLEYS OF DRESDEN.



DEEP IN HIS HEART EVERY SOLDIER KNOWS: WAR IS HELL.

AND HELL IS A WAR.

I CAN'T... I CAN'T LET THEM TAKE ME. I DON'T WANT TO BE ONE OF THEM. FACELESS... INHUMAN... WITHOUT AN OUNCE OF GRACE OR DIGNITY...



I WANT TO DIE AS A MAN, AL.



IT'S ME THEY WANT. DON'T LET IT COME TO THAT.



TAKE
THE
GUN.



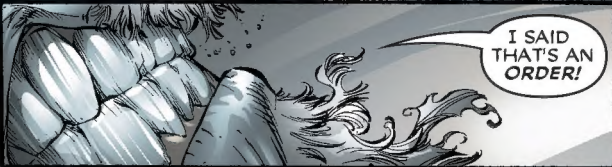
NO. I
CAN'T. I
WON'T.



FINISH
ME OFF, SON.
THAT'S AN
ORDER



NO...
I DIDN'T
COME
BACK JUST
TO...



I SAID
THAT'S AN
ORDER!



PLEASE,
SIR... THERE
MUST BE
ANOTHER
WAY...



SOLDIER!
DISCHARGE
YOU
WEAPON!
NOW!



FORGIVE
ME.



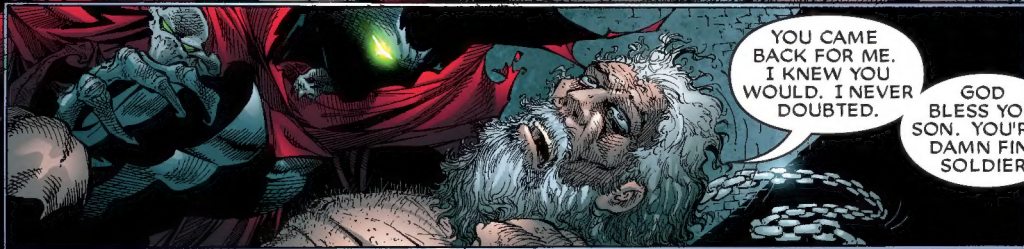
BLAM



SIR...

SIMMONS...
IS THAT
YOU, SON?

YES,
SIR.

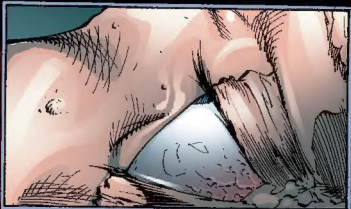
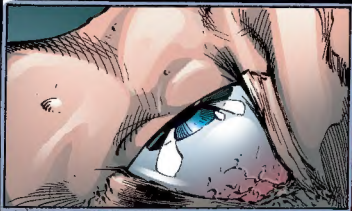


YOU CAME
BACK FOR ME.
I KNEW YOU
WOULD. I NEVER
DOUBTED.

GOD
BLESS YOU,
SON. YOU'RE A
DAMN FINE
SOLDIER.



"O THE
WILD
CHARGE WE
MADE..."





Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volley'd and Thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.

-Alfred Lord Tennyson
"The Charge of the Light Brigade"





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE